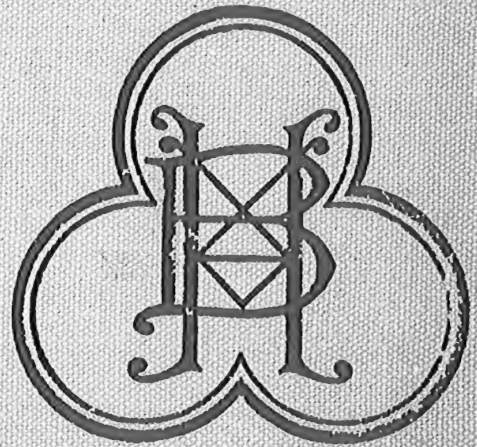
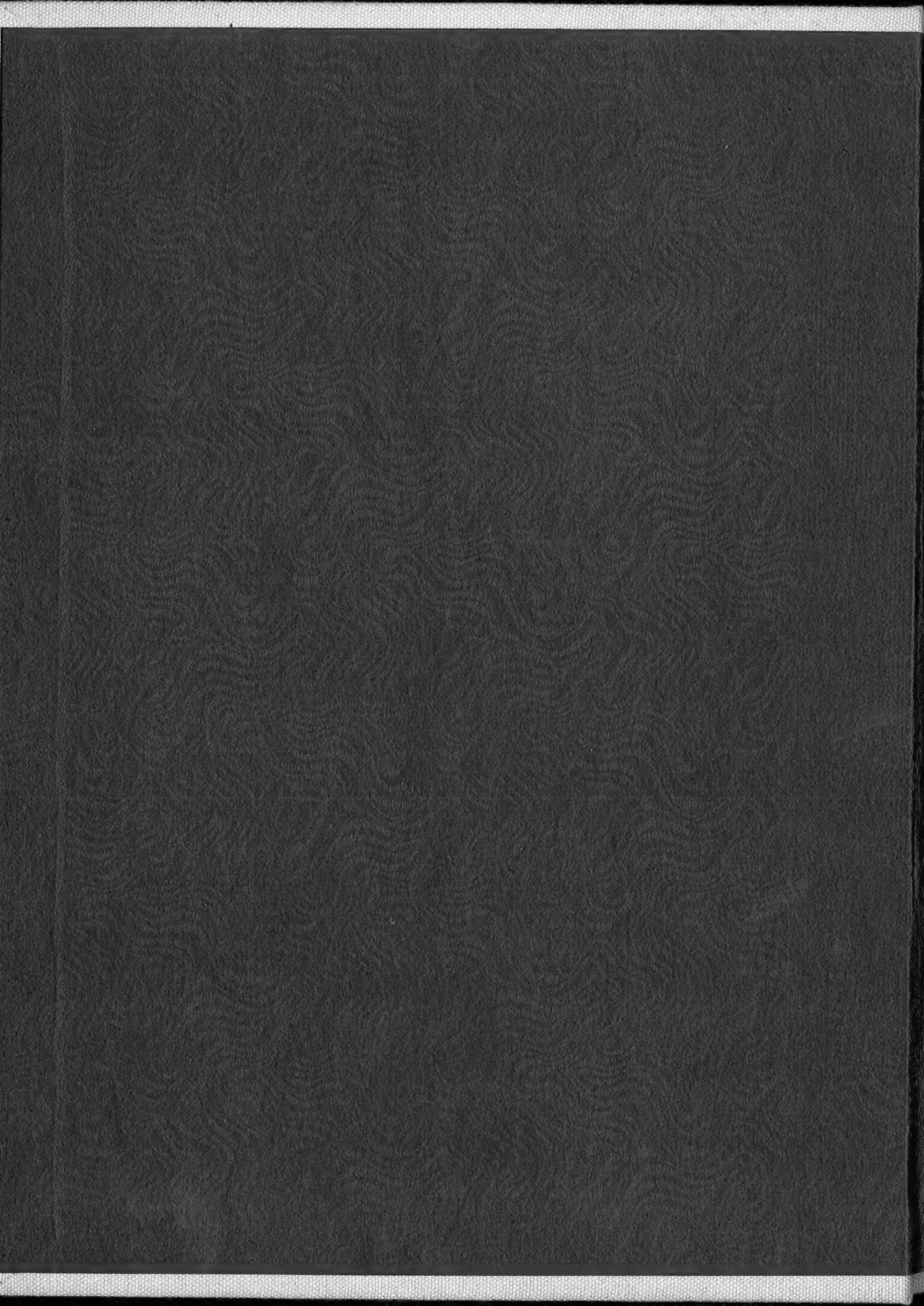


WHITE CAPS

1950





THE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



WHITE CAPS



Published
by the

Class of 1950

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL

WHITE CAPS



Published
by the Class of 1950

VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL

DEDICATION



Miss Valedia Allen

The class of 1950 dedicates this publication of "*White Caps*" to Miss Valedia Allen our Assistant Night Supervisor, whose guidance and direction has stimulated us during our three years of training. To us she has been more than a supervisor; she has been a kind and true friend.



FOREWORD...

Memories fade, they tell us, and we know that these three bright years at VBH, too, will grow hazy through the passing years.

This may be just a book to many, but to the members of the Class of 1950, it will always represent an integral part of our lives. We shall never forget the sorrows and disappointments that came along but these were overshadowed by the joys and satisfactions of our training years.

So, WHITE CAPS, '50, invites you to return then to its pages, to don your memory caps, and glance back over these three years . . .



MRS. ISABEL H. CHRISTIANA

*Graduate of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital
School of Nursing*

Graduate of Winthrop University For Women, A.B.

A Message from the Director of Nursing

Your student days at Vassar Brothers' Hospital are behind you. As a graduate nurse you have inherited the satisfactions and the responsibilities not only of a Vassar graduate but of the nursing profession as a whole. Before you are the opportunities to make of yourself what you will. What you choose to do is not too significant but how you do it is of the utmost importance. It is my hope that whatever you do, you will do to the very best of your ability as only in this way will you know the satisfactions that come from a job well done. I also hope that you will assume the responsibilities of your profession. To do this you must continue to study and learn to give of yourself and of your ideas for the growth and betterment of your profession.

ASSISTANTS TO DIRECTOR OF NURSING



MRS. KATHRYN E. HENNING
Assistant Director of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers
Hospital School of Nursing



MRS. MARGARET SEYMOUR
Relief Supervisor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers
Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JEAN L. DAVIDSON
Night Supervisor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers
Hospital School of Nursing



MISS SARA L. SWEET
Director of Nursing Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital
School of Nursing
Mount Holyoke College A.B.

TEACHING STAFF



MISS EDITH L. LINDBERG
Instructor of Nursing Arts
Graduate of Vassar Brothers
Hospital School of Nursing



MISS JANE SECOR
Asst. Instructor of Nursing Education
Graduate of Vassar Brothers
Hospital School of Nursing
Syracuse University A.B.



MISS CYNTHIA VAN ACKOOY
Asst. Instructor of Nursing Arts
Graduate of Vassar Brothers
Hospital School of Nursing

Supervisors and Head Nurses



(1st row, left to right)—M. PETERSON, G. CALHOUN, E. ROBINSON, E. HOLLAND, D. COY, B. LANSDALE, J. WOOD, E. DELAMATER. (Bottom row)—D. TAYLOR, M. PLASS, R. OLIVO, S. MILLER, I. NEWMAN, M. BECKWITH.

Anesthetists



(Left to right)— Miss R. JACKSON, Miss M. TSCHUDIN, Dr. T. SHANNON, Mrs. S. ARICO

Dietitians



Mrs. KATHRYN MARX Miss HELEN OBERTON Mrs. WINIFRED BOURET Miss MARION HALL

Laboratory Technicians

MISS HELEN TSITSERA
MRS. W. LUCK
MR. P. SCARDAPANE
MISS J. ROBERTS
MISS L. BABCOCK



X-Ray Dept.

E. STACEY
D. DAVIS
A. BREWSTER



Social Service

MRS. D. KELLY
MRS. E. LAWRENCE
MRS. V. FOSTER



Public Relations

MRS. THERESA CHAMBERS
MRS. JEAN COURTNEY





Dr. J. ROGERS



Dr. C. DAVISON



Dr. S. SMITH



Dr. W. MEYER



Dr. E. A. STOLLER



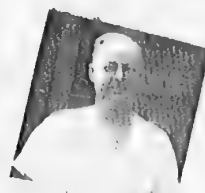
Dr. D. MALVEN



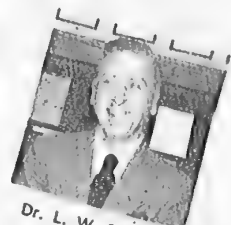
Dr. A. THOMSON



Dr. S. HIRST



Dr. M. HEDGECOCK



Dr. L. W. STOLLER



Dr. J. McGRATH



Dr. A. SOBEL



Dr. A. ROSENBERG



Dr. A. WHITE



Dr. J. DINGMAN



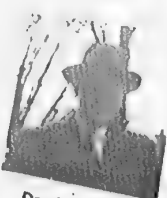
Dr. B. EFFRON



Dr. A. NEIGHBORS



Dr. B. PERRINO



Dr. L. MURPHY



Dr. V. BACILE



Dr. P. V. BUCKLEY



Dr. T. RIMAI



Dr. S. MILLER



Dr. M. SIEGEL



Dr. L. LIPMAN



Dr. J. MEAD



Dr. J. BREED



Drs. Jaremczuk

Sukarevicius

Behrens

Ducamp

Teterevnikov



Dr. J. KEELEY



Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	- - - - -	JEANNE WILEY
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - - - -	DOROTHY COUSE
<i>Secretary</i>	- - - - -	ELIZABETH PUCCIO
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - - - -	DOROTHY HOLZ



Doris Abbott

KINGSTON, N. Y.

Industrious . . . never at a loss for words . . . "Oh, for a diet with plenty of food" . . . Miss Independence . . . "What have we got to eat?" . . . quote "I was so Mad!" unquote . . . the day when Doris wasn't on nights . . . "Who's broke besides me?" . . . heartaches . . . always good for an argument.

Carmela Aloy

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

"Mel" . . . frankly it's Frankie . . . happy when she's dancing . . . "Don't forget to wake me" . . . "Who's making coffee?" . . . just plain—attractive . . . case study blues . . . wit, pranks and jokes . . . a closet stuffed with clothes . . . effervescence to the boiling point . . . those trips to Aloys for the best in spaghetti . . . vivacious.

W H I T E C A P S

Marguerite Barry

MARLBORO, N. Y.

"Marge" . . . could I borrow— . . . author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" . . . even tempered . . . a string around her finger . . . the event of the year—M's appendectomy . . . sleepy time gal . . . date bureau, inc. . . long thick tresses and hair net blues . . . the nurse with the too big heart.

Shirley Benedict

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Shirl" . . . "fish fuzz" . . . "someone wake me up for class" . . . wedding bells in the future . . . a room of her own . . . "short hair is such a load off my mind" . . . quiet . . . should Shirley ever get angry . . . naive but with a sense of humor . . . generous.





Katherine Corbo

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

"Kay" . . . "Casey" . . . "just give me a bed and some knitting to do" . . . "my uncle" . . . famous for her back-rubs . . . big, hearty laugh! . . . jet black hair . . . ambition—a nursery of her own . . . is never in a hurry . . . ready advice . . . candied apples from home . . . dreams of far away places.



Sylvia Biggio

SALT POINT, N. Y.

"B-Joe" . . . the girl who should have made the Olympics . . . sleeping requirement—one hour a day . . . "I have problems" . . . crossword puzzle expert . . . just on the spur of the moment . . . food from home . . . hard working . . . if she's got it and you need it—it's yours.

W H I T E C A P S

Shirley Cosman

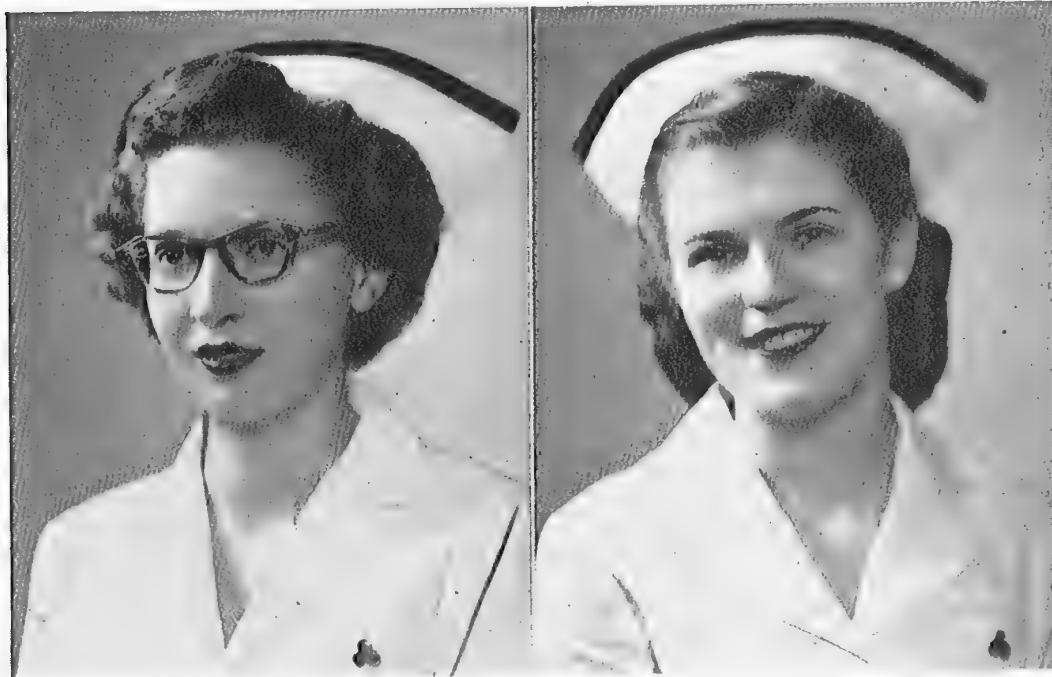
MARLBORO, N. Y.

"Shirl" . . . "Red" . . . ah, those cakes and pies from home . . . mystery story fan . . . tall, willowy . . . there's a ring on her finger . . . professional dignity . . . "don't go—I hate to be alone" . . . Ripley's latest—a redhead with no temper . . . a Dodger fan for some unknown reason.

Dorothy Couse

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Dot" . . . her goal—fifty deliveries . . . "who gets up early besides me?" . . . a moving van to take her clothes home and back . . . a knack for neatness . . . partial to "Swedes" . . . long blond hair . . . known for her long telephone calls . . . "sweet" should be her middle name.





Joann Cruger

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Pete" . . . big blue eyes . . . vitamin pills plus—"I simply must gain weight" . . . Oh, for a car and Florida here I come . . . snip, snip—"do you like me with a bang" . . . nursing? it runs in the family—my mother thanks you, my sister thanks you, and I thank you . . . those extra curricular activities.



Myrtle Graziosi

MARLBORO, N. Y.

"Myrt" . . . early to bed and early to rise . . . that Long Island twang . . . tall tales with a straight face . . . excessive energy . . . easily combustible . . . personality plus . . . "I got it at another bargain" . . . the reason why the shampoo industry is flourishing . . . the survival of the fittest . . . dependable.

W H I T E C A P S

Beatrice Hardenbergh

WOODBOURNE, N. Y.

"Bea" . . . reserved . . . moo-juice by the quart . . . assembly line precision . . . the girl with bigger and better ideas . . . capable dainty fingers for domestic handwork . . . poet-laureate of VBH . . . comparable to Socrates . . . the youngest of the class . . . third floor Tower's bakery shop.

Dorothy Holz

YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y.

"Dot" . . . genius at work . . . hide the scissors or she'll be bald . . . whirlwind on duty . . . knit one, purl two—miss . . . loads of fun . . . class treasurer blues . . . "cigarettes, lighter, where are you?" . . . energetic . . . card shark . . . if it's got four wheels she'll drive it.





Gloria Horn

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

"Hornie" . . . the problems and decisions of her life . . . her love of the Messiah . . . mischievous . . . class distinction—natural curly coiffeur . . . an outfit for every occasion . . . those midnight phone calls . . . the voice with a quality all its own . . . jet propelled motor areas . . . gift of gab . . . sociable . . . sprightly.



Wanda Lasher

RENSSELAER, N. Y.

"Lash" . . . intellectual . . . "my kid brother" . . . that giggle . . . "Oh, how I wish I had another late leave" . . . in a world of her own . . . never ending appetite . . . dreams of Lohengrin . . . "I guess I'll cut my hair" . . . class soprano . . . the girl with the skin you love to touch . . . diligent.

W H I T E C A P S

Ruth Mahoney

ARKVILLE, N. Y.

"Quiet please" . . . Mrs. Webster herself . . . guardian angel of the Navy . . . BC (before cutting) "who's going to braid my hair?"—AC (after cutting) "who's going to set my hair?" . . . speed demon . . . who's Ruthie?—it's just plain Mahoney . . . droll humor . . . no need for an amplifier . . . imagination galore . . . competent.

Doris Mitchell

COLD SPRING, N. Y.

"Mitch" . . . the joke teller . . . lives in record lane . . . hears all and knows all . . . willing to talk with anyone at anytime . . . knit one, purl one—try it on . . . those detailed reports . . . daddy's little girl . . . a pug nose that doesn't snub anyone . . . friendly.





Carolyn Pratten

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Carol" . . . accomplishes things with great gusto, mirth, and exuberance . . . "Oh, my aching feet" . . . the outdoor type . . . Bach, Beethoven and Brahms . . . willingness . . . thoughtful appreciation . . . "living is such great fun" . . . that sudden smile.



Elizabeth Puccio

MILTON, N. Y.

"Pooch" . . . "who borrowed my typewriter?" . . . that Brooklyn accent . . . favorite expression—"that old scrounge" . . . limited closet space . . . "But does he brush his teeth?" . . . active class member . . . oh, those eyes—but can she cook? . . . "Don't forget to wake me up" . . . "should I cut my hair?" . . . 1 a. m. chit-chats . . . charming.

W H I T E C A P S

Ethelyn Puskar

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Lyn" . . . "Let's join the foreign legion . . . vivid enthusiasm for life . . . "horses, I love 'em" . . . delicate . . . wasp waistline . . . demure . . . clothes out of "Vogue" . . . the silent sweet type . . . always a good word for everyone . . . "Shall I braid my hair?" . . . perfect form for golfing . . . twelve midnight again—ugh!"

Lillian Richard

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Lil" . . . "Wheel" . . . little art shop . . . president of student council . . . "ye gods! another poster" . . . guitar belle . . . good-natured . . . perpetual motion . . . the Atlas of the class . . . versatile . . . the big problem—"how to keep my baby fine hair curled?" . . . Diamond Lil . . . witty, wise and wordy.





Virginia Rose

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Ginny" . . . live wire . . . escapades . . . so unpredictable . . . "wish I could knit something else besides squares" . . . prized possession—her record collection . . . she can "Pic" them . . . the voice that travels . . . pyromaniac . . . so blond, so fragile . . . beware—dangerous driving . . . conscientious . . . best foot forward.

Janet Rymph

HYDE PARK, N. Y.

"Rymphie" . . . that well-groomed look . . . dry humor, quiet, but some of those remarks . . . rag curlers o.n. . . gab sessions after a late date . . . "Anyone want to go for a long walk?" . . . coffee—any time, any place . . . human alarm clock . . . sophisticated . . . look twice—she has a twin . . . sincere . . . thoughtful.

W H I T E C A P S

Catherine Stalker

MILLERTON, N. Y.

"Kay" . . . favorite saying—"you old pot" . . . pee wee of the class . . . sermon length descriptions . . . impulsive . . . second love—spaghetti in second floor kitchenette . . . searching for her Prince Charming . . . she plans today for tomorrow . . . that dominant characteristic . . . patient towards the patients.

Theresa Tiesmeyer

WINDHAM, N. Y.

"Terry" . . . has been crossing calendar dates off for three years . . . shoes . . . specializes in make-up . . . receipts and money for this 'n that . . . future self-improvement plan . . . sunbaths on the roof . . . those baskets of fruit from Florida . . . "But I haven't a thing to wear" . . . the gal with a giggle . . . that pleasant personality . . . unlimited effort.





Ruth Tiger

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"Peg" . . . high hopes for the future . . . a soothing voice . . . crocheting while the rest of the world knits . . . "it's quiet hours" . . . efficiency expert . . . gets involved in lengthy discussions . . . her personality belies her name . . . nimble fingers in the O.R. . . hey! watch the calories . . . knowledge and experience.



Marjorie Van Benschoten

AMENIA, N. Y.

"Marge" . . . "Van" . . . solitaire fiend . . . nightly bathtub queen . . . "Oh, for a breezy room" . . . dreamy-eyed and baby-faced . . . appreciation for symphonies . . . can pack a suitcase with room to spare . . . those trips home and lessons on how to bake . . . qualities of character, scholarship and successful living.

W H I T E C A P S



Jeanne Wiley

PORT HENRY, N. Y.

"Willie" . . . class president . . . "Oh, I'm late" . . . those trips home . . . "Our house is going to have a picture window in it" . . . capable nurse . . . watch her or the whole class will have short hair . . . living the weeks for the weekends . . . "Say, how about that now?" . . . a definite asset.

FORMER MEMBERS:

HELEN BRINKAMA
EDITH DuBOIS
LEILA HAMIL

MARY MARCKS
DIANA ORTMAN
LUELLA POST

NURSES' LAMENT

To serve the sick is noble quite
And would be lots of fun,
If one could change one's feet like tires
Before the day is done.

AGNES JAMES, R.N.

SOUND OFF!

Roll Call for Class of 1950

Patient:

Class of 1950

Address:

Anywhere from Yorktown Heights to
Port Henry, N. Y.

Date of Admission:

September 8, 1947

Date of Discharge:

June 9, 1950

Services:

Surgery, Medicine, Pediatrics,
Obstetrics, Psychiatry

Diagnosis:

Nursitis

Hospital:

Vassar Brothers

Age:

17 to 22 years

Family:

One big happy clan

Occupation:

Jack of all trades, master of one

Social Habits:

Twenty-four hours around the clock
with no provision for sleep

Symptoms Upon Admission:*Cardinal*

Temperature—100° F. inside
and out

Pulse—120 bounding, intermittent

Respirations—24 dyspnic

Blood Pressure—Slightly elevated

Subjective

Anxious to overcome the hurdles

Eager to aid the sick

Enthused at beginning a career

Looking forward to meeting those
handsome internes

Feeling no pain

Objective

Bewildered

Green

Eager beavers

Homesick

Slightly unstable

September 8, 1947

Thirty-eight of the female sex were admitted ambulatory (some staggering under the weight of loaded suitcases) to the now familiar halls of V. B. H. We were guided through what seemed a strange battleground and established beach-heads in Home one, Home two and Corridor one.

During the first six months we drilled and learned completely new tactics. Clad in sad looking blue sacks we were termed the "probies". During this campaign we engaged in gripping battles of the bacilli, location of the sella tursica, and divisions of anatomy. Test tubes, diagrams, mitered corners and dissection of specimens completely immobilized us. We patronized the

library as our favorite past-time. The lingo now was "home was never like this". We learned that the day doesn't have twenty-four hours in it—only 1,440 minutes to be utilized to the last one.

We finally received our new uniforms of blue and white stripes. Gazing at ourselves we were sure that no one ever looked more like "Angels of mercy" than we did. We were slowly but surely digging our first foxhole and establishing a foot-hold. But our superiors continued to reign and daily routine was inaugurated. We practiced (first on ourselves) constantly and soon by trial and error (but not too many errors) we found ourselves moving up the line. Our dexterity increased and we noted that we could now manage equipment fairly well without ill effect.

Along the way we lost a few members AWOL. However, the defense line moved up, the objective overcome and the climax reached March 8, 1948 when we proudly stood in complete uniform—including bibs and caps. Our basic training was behind us and we were moving toward the front.

September 8, 1948

Our second year of training found us on foreign soil. Various new fields were opened up to us. Our first KP duty found us weeping along with the custards thinking of weight in terms of grams and not pounds; and feeling like the master sergeant writing menus. The O.R. found us clad in bird cages and masks reciting to

ourselves over and over again—all is, kocher, kelly, crile until we knew that there was a difference between a clamp and a snap. This experience taught us the carrying out of spot commands and in awe we gazed up at the "chiefs".

Here we were put on solitary guard duty—relief and nights. Along with the birds we felt we were also in the wilderness.

Embarking upon obstetrics our natural tendencies made themselves quite obvious—this was a woman's army. Always prepared for the onset we never did get over the thrill and joy of a new cry from a future recruit.

Like loyal troopers we took over new assignments and transfers to other posts. Under new leadership we gained knowledge in Babies Hospital and Vassar College nursery. We learned to recognize the meanings of different outbursts and that showers were the usual forecast.

We moved on until we came to another new post—Hudson River State Hospital. Here we learned to control our fire and try to teach people that peace is the easiest and best road home. Our terminology increased tremendously and we had occasions when we applied it to ourselves. Now we knew "calmness" was the best policy.

September 8, 1949

Now our third year, we achieved higher rank when we received our blue band and had the distinction of being seniors. We

were slowly but surely ascending new heights. From this position the objects on the horizon looked very pleasant.

We met more new personnel under EENT and OPD. The former pointed out that snares were not only used to capture men but tonsils as well. Clinic and accident room were fascinating. Up to this time we could list the number of bones in a body but we never knew anyone could break so many at one time. We learned the meaning of front line emergency treatment and the necessity of stat. orders. It was on your toes all the time and we pulled through as well as the patients.

Along the beaches we found many precious stones and soon half of the group had them polished into sparkling gems. About this time everyone wondered why so many of the procedures were carried out left-handed.

Finally we shipped home again to the familiar fields of surgery and medicine. It was now evident that practice makes perfect and more acceptance of responsibility was ours. Our top officers put more trust in us and we gained confidence. Continuing along at this pace we knew that our choice in signing up for three years was the best step forward in our career.

Our literary knowledge increased as well as shipments of elbow grease and midnight oil as our reports (nursing care studies) were completed.

June 9, 1950

Mission accomplished. Discharge date. We now proudly wear a white uniform, black band and our best valued jewelry—the V.B.H. clover leaf pin. On leave for a few weeks, the building of potential energy into kinetic and then back into action. We've reached the top of the ladder, the view is unlimited and we know that this is not the end but just the beginning . . .

Prognosis:

Extremely favorable

Treatments:

Late leaves every night

A 40-hour week

Chicken every Sunday

On duty at 8 A. M.

No study hours—no homework

A salary—any amount

Every weekend off

An hour for meal time

A dozen handsome eligible internes

Bibliography:

"*Medical Nursing*"—HERBIE ZOSTER

"*Surgical Nursing*"—SIS TOTOMY

"*Materia Medica*"—BELLA DONNA

"*Anatomy*"—META CARPAL

"*Obstetrics*"—E. CLAMPSIA

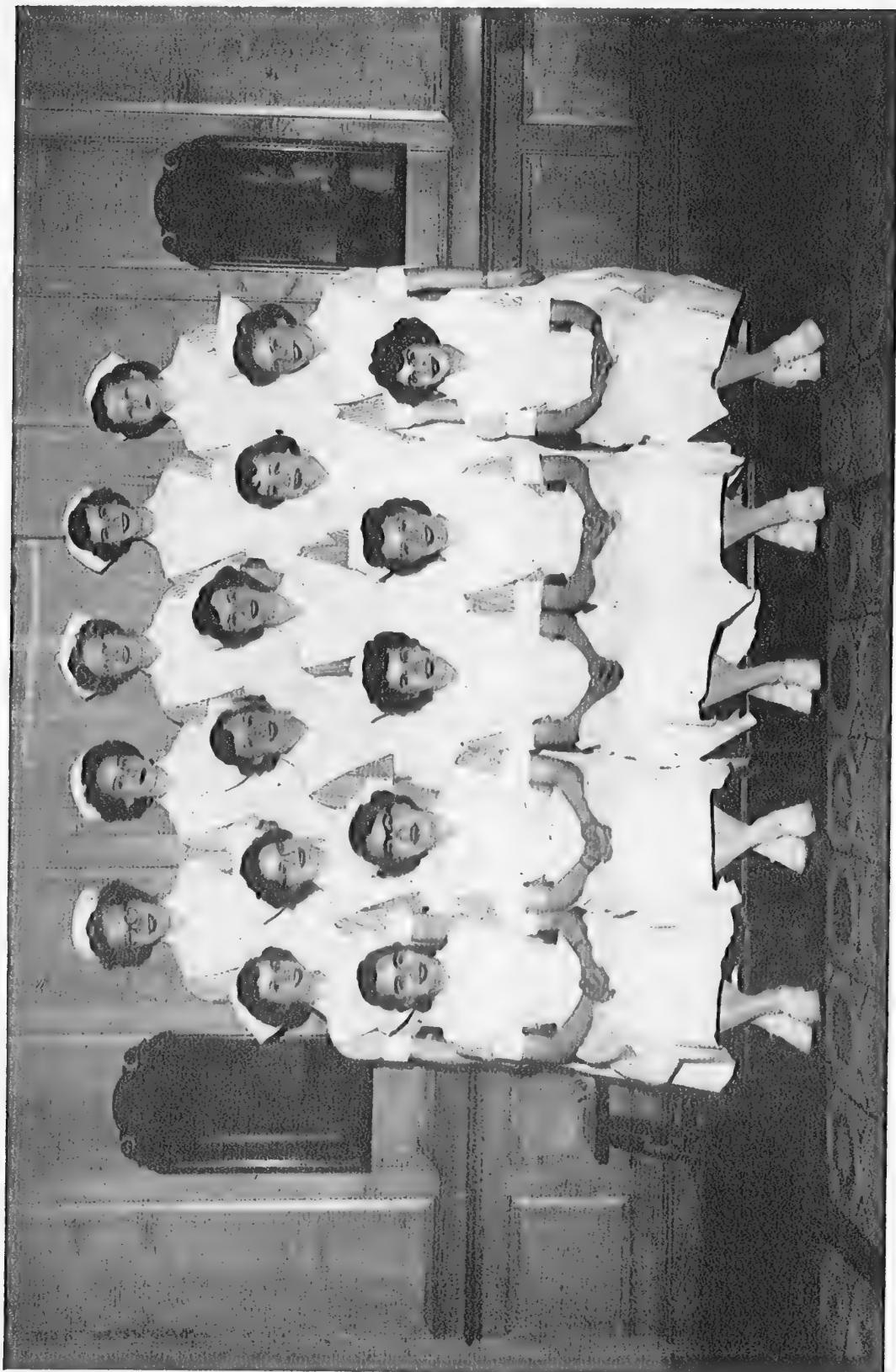
"*O.R. Technique*"—ALICE CLAMP

"*Psychiatric Nursing*"—A. PHASIA

"*Pediatrics*"—MEG A. COLON

"*EENT Nursing*"—MY OPIA





(1st row, bottom, left to right)—E. BAUER, M. WHITMAN, S. STEVENS, J. ROGAN, L. SCURICO.
 (2nd row)—P. LARE, B. HARVEY, E. FATUM, E. LOCKE, A. CARDELL, E. NELSON.
 (3rd row)—M. WAGLER, L. POWER, A. MURRY, L. FAGAN, A. GLASS.

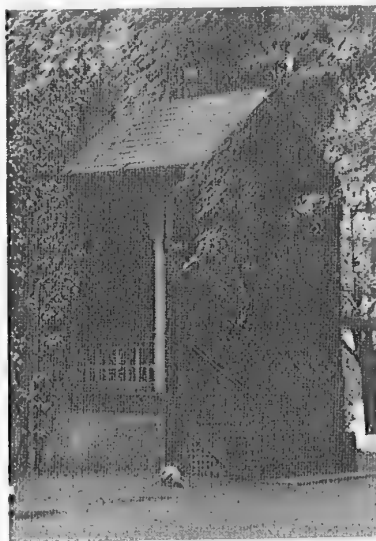
Class of 1951

CLASS OFFICERS

President - - - - - JOAN ROGAN

Secretary - - - - - SHIRLEY STEVENS

Treasurer - - - - - MILDRED WHITMAN



HOME II

Doesn't it seem like yesterday? Twenty-seven frightened bewildered girls became the class of 1951, on September 8, 1948.

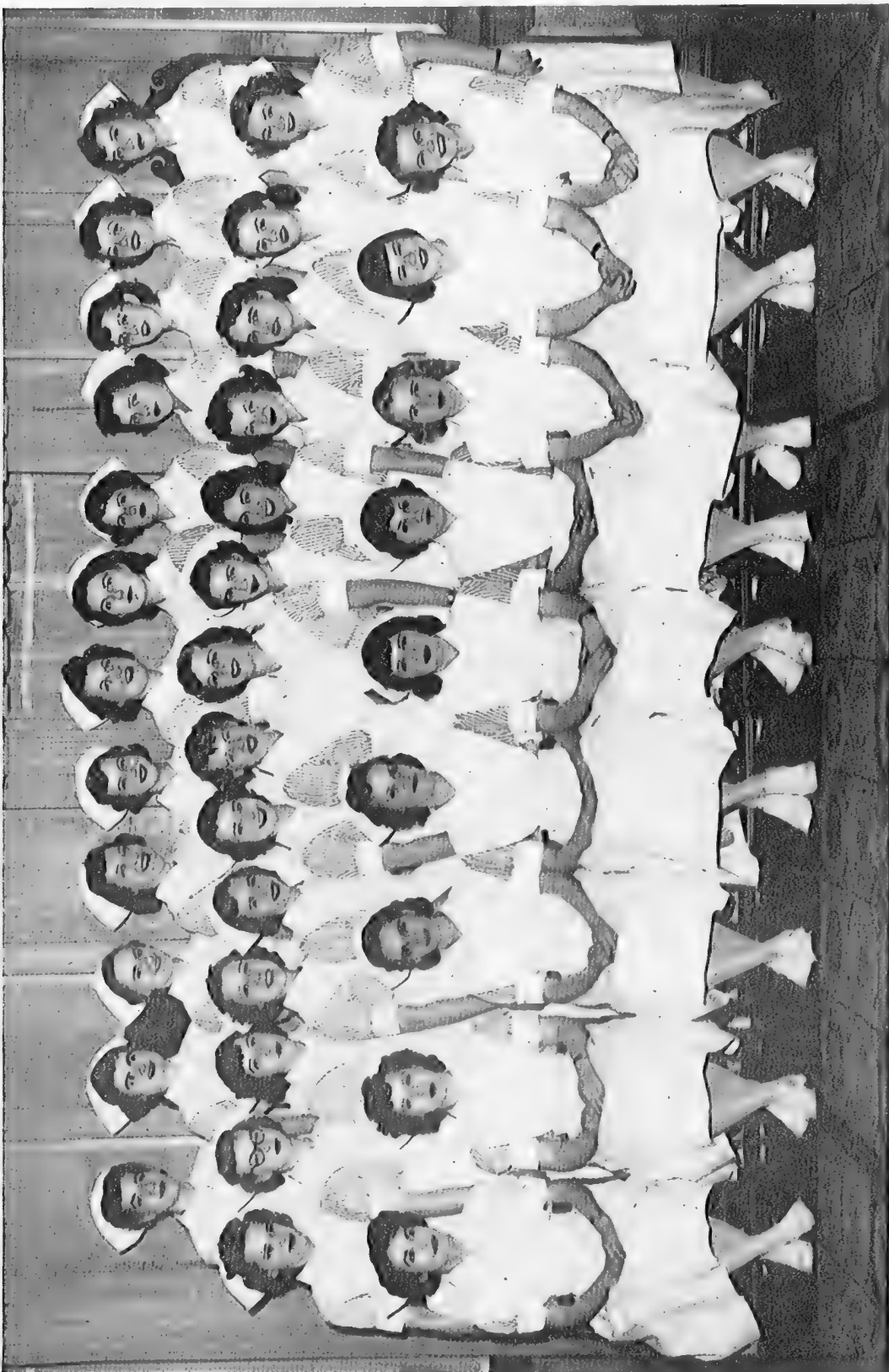
We soon became acquainted with everyone and everything, including our textbooks. We were initiated (very definitely) and enjoyed the party afterwards.

It seemed no time at all before the night of nights came—our capping at the Aula, Vassar College. Already, we had many pleasant memories of formals, Christmas caroling, class parties, dances (our Valentine dance was a huge success) and other activities.

Summer came, and we were gaining more knowledge (also weight), and assuming new responsibilities. In the fall, we had another dance "Pumpkin Heaven". By then we were Intermediates and welcomed the new preclinicals into our midst.

After the holiday activities our travels really began, and we were off on three month affiliations to Babies' Hospital and Hudson River State Hospital.

The beginning does seem like yesterday, but we have learned and experienced a great deal since then. Now, we are looking forward to wearing our blue bands and then—our goal—being a graduate nurse.



(1st row, bottom, left to right)—S. MANGIAMELE, J. WACKER, B. SCEREBINI, J. SOMERVILLE, J. ANDREWS, E. WEINHEIMER, J. ERHARD, P. SHERMAN, A. MEDECK, (2nd row)—R. NOWIK, T. RAHM, E. ACKERMAN, R. BECCHETTI, D. TOMPKINS, B. REED, S. DOBBS, J. WILLIAMS, R. MILLER, C. DIAMOND, L. STREMMER, E. DRUM, E. HOUSE, J. GREENHALGH, (3rd row)—J. ABDOO, R. CAUL, E. DOBRYDINO, C. CASTELLANO, R. VANVALICK, L. STRONG, M. KEARNEY, D. STOUT, P. KRUSE, E. MCCORD, P. MARCHMAN, E. SWENSON.

Class of 1952

CLASS OFFICERS

President - - - JEANNE SOMERVILLE
Vice-President - - - JOAN ANDREWS
Secretary - - - ELOISE WEINHEIMER
Treasurer - - - BARBARA SCEREBINI



HOME I

On September sixth, with hearts full of hope and ambition, and armed with hair nets and white stockings, we arrived at VBH.

Our first month found us in blue smocks with arms full of books, and brains which absorbed knowledge like blotters. By Christmas the blotters were dripping wet and Christmas vacation was not just a mere luxury, but a dire necessity.

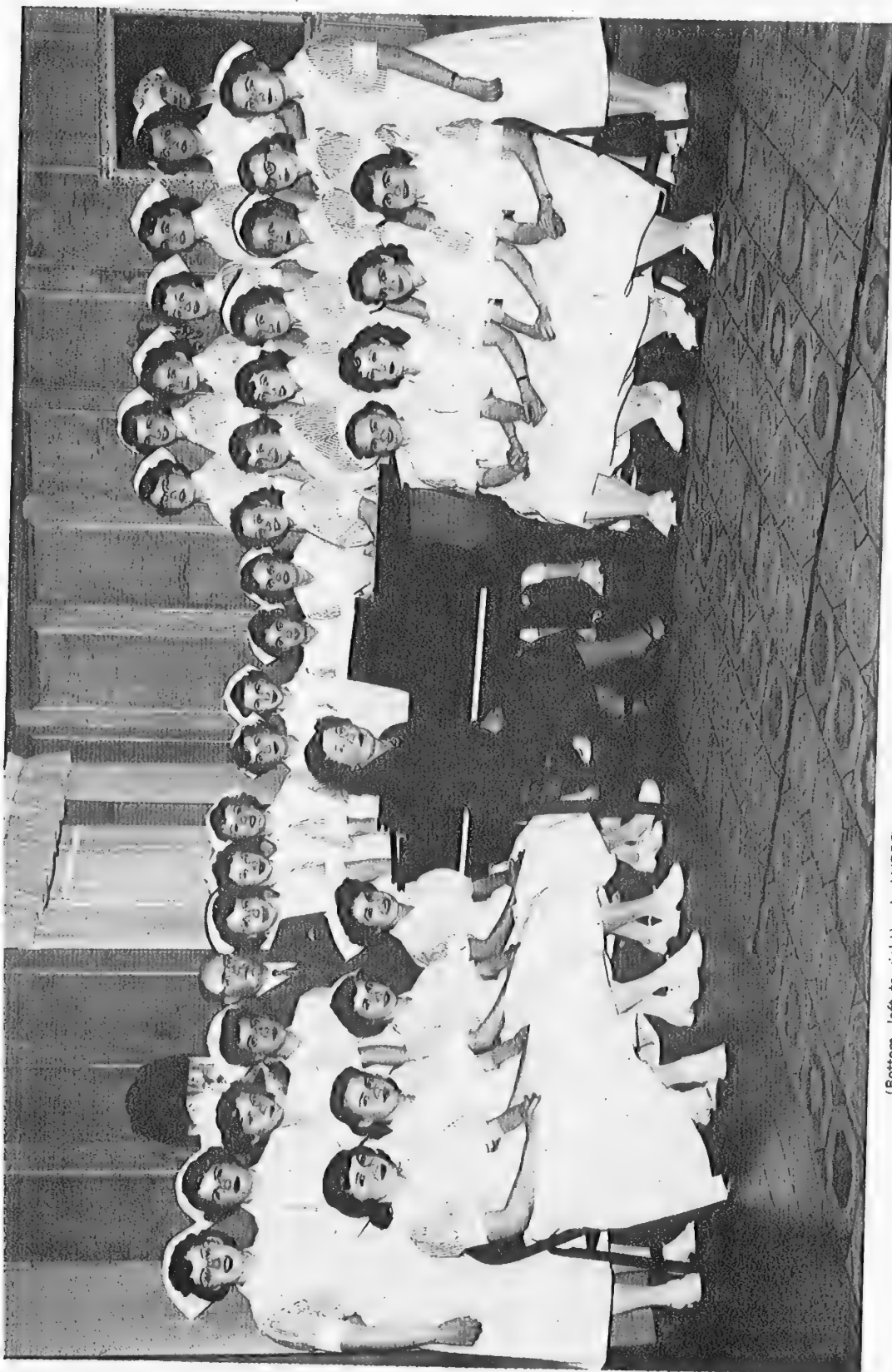
Classes were fascinating (and we had plenty of them). We thought ourselves privileged to be allowed to work on the wards, although we probably looked like displaced persons. The older students and graduates were tops and helped lead us out of our bewildered state.

After our "stripes" came, visitors decided that we were student nurses and proceeded to treat us as such. At last we felt that we were an integral part of the ward team.

Early March found us having nightmares about packing suitcases. When the night of capping finally arrived, we all stood together with glowing candles in our hands, white caps on our heads, and happiness in our hearts. We took the Florence Nightingale Pledge before proud parents and friends.

Between time on duty, becoming oriented to our surroundings, and doing homework the class managed to fit in a few social activities. At Christmas, we provided the entertainment for the Christmas Party; and in January sponsored a Cake Sale. After capping we held a sport dance which was very successful.

During our first eight months at Vassar, we have had the kind of experiences that only someone who has gone through nurses training could ever appreciate, and that we will never forget.



(Bottom, left to right)—J. ANDREWS, E. HOUSE, P. LARE, S. MANGIAMELE, MRS. TONGUE, E. DOBRY-
DINO, J. WACKER, B. SCEREBINI, R. CAUL, (2nd row)—E. McCORD, D. STOUT, E. NELSON, J. ABDOO,
MR. TERRY, T. TIESMEYER, L. STREMMER, P. MARCHMAN, E. SWENSON, B. MILLER, C. DIAMOND,
J. SOMERVILLE, R. BECCHETTI, E. WEINHEIMER, E. ACKERMAN, M. VANBENSCHOTEN, M. GRAZIOSI,
T. RAHN, M. KEARNEY, (3rd row)—M. WHITMAN, L. FAGAN, L. POWER, A. CARDELL, E. DRUM,
C. CASTELLANO.



(1st row, left to right)—L. RICHARD, E. DELAMATER,
 (2nd row)—L. PUSKAR, J. ROGAN, R. CAUL, J. WILEY.
 (3rd row)—E. FATUM, J. SOMERVILLE, J. WILLIAMS, D. HOLZ, M. GRAZIOSI.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

The center of our activities and recreation is our Student Council, the student voice with graduate guidance.

This group not only makes the rules and regulations but plans and supervises our fun. Although, as student nurses, we work many shifts which sometimes divide the day inconveniently, we always manage to fit in some activities with such a varied program.

Dances, picnics, Y. W. C. A., Glee Club, and special holiday festivities all add to making life here at VBH more enjoyable.

These things, as well as our training, will always help us remember and picture vividly our student days at VBH.



In Memoriam



Birdsall Sumner Sweet

July 14, 1918 — April 17, 1950

Entered Vassar Brothers Hospital September 21, 1931.

*He, who bears pain with courage and a smile,
Sows precious seed, the fruits of which are many fold.
Those who sow in tears, reap in joy.
So confident, put out thy light; wrap thy spirit in peace.*

In Memory of

one who served Vassar Brothers Hospital well from 1927 - 1949

Doctor F. Harold Crispell

May 14, 1895 — August 21, 1949

Doctor Chester Tupper Cadwell

1866 — 1950

Doctor J. W. Chatterton

1891 — 1950

Doctor William John Cavanaugh

1899 — 1949

In Appreciation . . .



Miss Sarah L. Sweet

To one who has given generously, not only of her time but of her thoughts and ideas, to promote the abilities of the class, we give our humble thanks. Throughout our three years we have received guidance given with understanding and sincerity.



Mrs. Jeanne Knauss

We, the class of 1950, wish to express appreciation to our first class adviser, for her consideration and kindness during our first two years in training. She proved a true companion who helped us lay the basis of our career.



Mrs. Roberta Olivo

To our present class adviser, we, the class of 1950, wish to extend our gratitude for the interest shown in our welfare. She has done her utmost to promote class spirit, and has given her friendship and cooperation in all our endeavors.

SONG TITLES

To the Tune of "V. B. H."

- "Music, Music, Music"—corridor four nursery
- "I Can Dream, Can't I"—a forty hour student week
- "In the Still of the Night"—disoriented patients at 3 a. m. (Wd. 2)
- "Always"—admissions when the wards are full
- "Someday"—unlimited privileges
- "Fascinating Rhythm"—an appendectomy with Dr. Malven
- "An Old Fashioned Walk"—ambulatories on Wd. 4
- "Give Me Five Minutes More"—Tower at 10:15 p. m.
- "I'll Never Smile Again"—after a month of relief
- "Night and Day"—hounded by the T.S.O.
- "Come Rain or Come Shine"—roll out for sick call
- "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"—after working relief
- "Serenade of the Bells"—alarm clocks at 6 a. m.
- "Slipping Around"—Miss Davidson at 3 a. m.
- "I Guess I'll Get the Papers and Go Home"—census sheet and to bed
- "When Day is Done"—our bull sessions
- "A Dreamer's Holiday"—vacations
- "You Are the One"—Jimmy
- "Whispering Hope"—the weekend off
- "Heartaches"—I lost my stripe
- "You Can't Be True Dear"—the honor system
- "Now is the Hour"—study hours
- "Angels of Mercy"—our capping
- "Here We Are Like Birds in the Wilderness"—our probie days
- "Far Away Places"—after graduation
- "Hungarian Rhapsody"—Dr. Sukarevicius in the shower
- "Seems Like Old Times"—back from affiliation
- "You Gotta Do With What You Got"—H. R. S. H.
- "East of the Sun and West of the Moon"—our minds during class
- "Russian Polka"—Dr. Teterovnikov with a gravida 8
- "If I Knew You Were Coming"—state inspectors
- "The Last Time I Saw Paris"—Dr. DuCamp reminiscing
- "Rag Mop"—coming off duty at 7 a. m.
- "Sitting By the Window"—Mrs. Neidnig
- "The Old Lamp Lighter"—George Penovi
- "The Johnson Rag"—student uniform finishing day
- "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"—Acc. Rm. Float
- "Forever is Ending Today"—graduation

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SARA SWEET

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CLASS MOTTO:

"Only a life lived for others is worth while."

CLASS SONG

"Our One and All"

We were the class of '50
Thirty-eight of us in all
Taking a new Alma Mater
To cherish in our hearts and be our one and all;

Though some by choice have left us
The most have carried on,
Our goal beside us, to cheer and guide us
So a new uniform we donned.

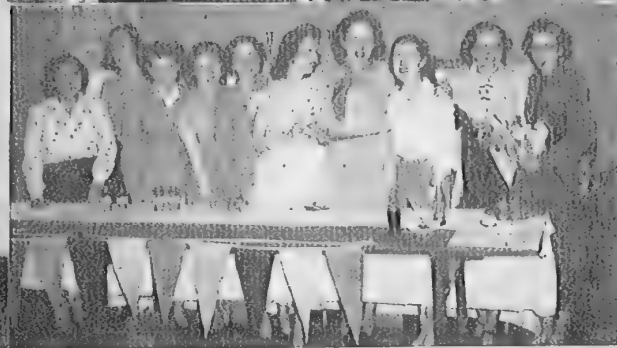
Here is the class of '50
Twenty-seven strong are we,
Together we have shared the tears and laughter
To bring joy forever after;

Clouds of grey were once above us
Now skies of blue shine through
The future's brighter, the load is lighter
Now that we are through.

WILL WE EVER SEE THE DAY

Shoes are polished daily
We don't have to float to Corridor IV from Ward VI
Someone hasn't just cut her hair in Tower
All case reports are in on time
We don't have 8 P. M. hysterics
Someone hasn't got the coffee on
Everyone's room is neat
Someone isn't already in the shower when you want to use it
The kitchen's empty (and clean)
Everyone's in bed at 9 P. M.
We all get up the first time we're called at 6 A. M.
We each have a dozen pair of white stockings (without runs)
There's enough linen on the wards Monday morning
We get sugar buns for breakfast every morning
We haven't got a case study to do
Doctors don't make rounds at dinner time
We aren't all hungry
There aren't 10 cars outside Tower at 11:45, Saturday night
Everybody has a hair net on
Ward I hasn't got a fractured femur
Ward II hasn't got a prostatectomy
Ward III hasn't got a fractured hip
Ward IV hasn't got a cerebral
We get off duty on time
Everyone has on her *own* clothes
All classes are over and done with
The telephone isn't busy
All our caps are folded the same way
Silence reigns on Ward V
There are no funny books around
Everyone turns the iron off when done
Someone isn't griping
We get a letter every day
It's not 3 A. M. that we're called out for the O.R.
Everyone has that wide awake look
It doesn't rain on your day off
No one loses any sick time
Everyone gets her vacation in July and August
The whole class agrees on everything



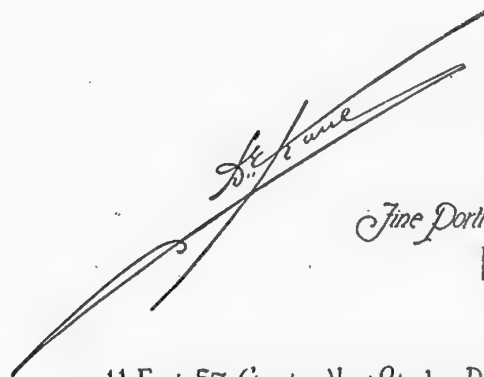




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1. The refraction of the human eye to determine the degree of hyperopia, myopia and astigmatism.
2. The analysis of the function of the visual mechanism at all distances, especially at the near point, or working distance, and the evaluation of the visual skills which affect visual efficiency and comfort.
3. The use of visual training in the development or re-education of the visual skills, thus increasing visual efficiency and comfort.
4. The use of orthoptic training in the correction of squint (crossed eyes).
5. The use of objective and subjective methods of determining the presence of pathology in the visual mechanism.
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